



**LIFE OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN**

IN VERSE

FOR OLD AND YOUNG

BY

STELLA TYLER MATHEWS

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The Life of Abraham Lincoln

I n V e r s e

By

STELLA TYLER MATHEWS



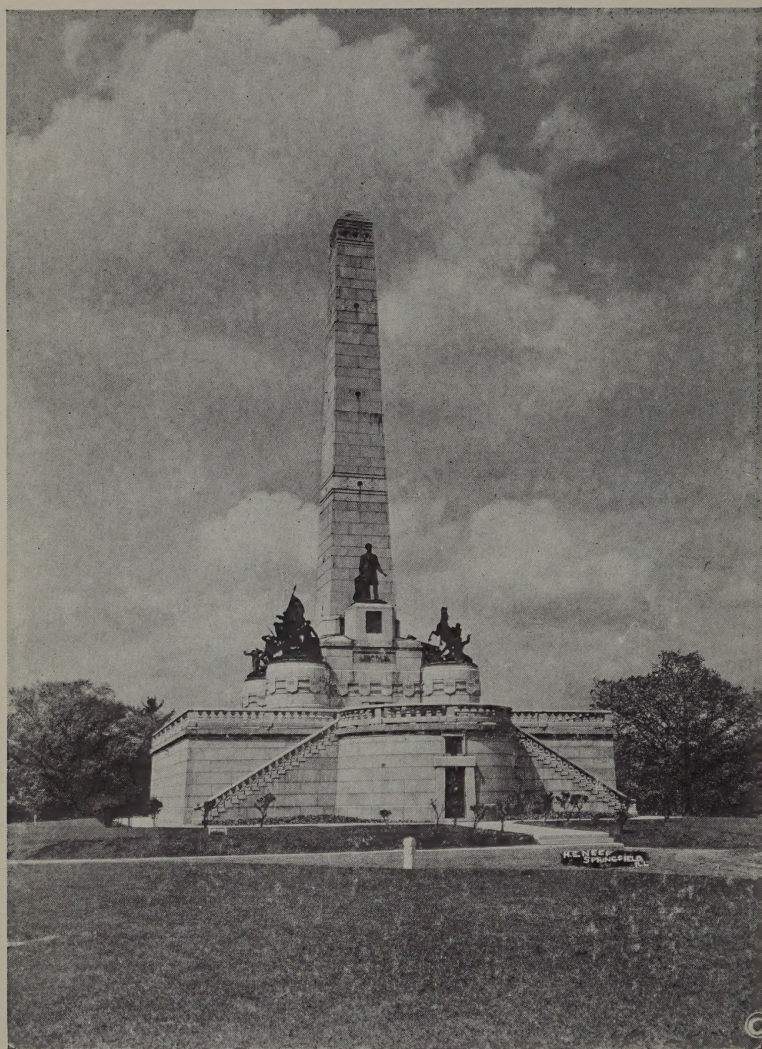
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The Life of
Abraham Lincoln

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LINCOLN MONUMENT
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

EDICATED to my mother
in memory of the beautiful
lessons taught me when a child of
the life of Abraham Lincoln.

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At the Forty-First Annual Encampment of the
Department of Washington and Alaska Grand Army of the
Republic,

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P R E F A C E

THERE is no greater character in all our history than that of Abraham Lincoln.

The beautiful examples he gave to us should be known in every American home. His life cannot help but inspire all who read its story. He started at the lowest round of the ladder, and reached the top during his life. His great ambition, combined with the untiring effort, in spite of the humble beginning, at last won the highest office of the nation.

Because every child in this country should know Lincoln's life story, I have collected the interesting anecdotes of his life from Gallahar, Baldwin, Selby, Bullard and others, and have written them in verse so the children may memorize the stories to help them in future years and to give them courage to go forward when they might otherwise fall by the way.

These poems are arranged for the home or for school, church and patriotic entertainments. No child can read the Life of Lincoln without feeling a great desire to be a stronger and better man or woman.

STELLA TYLER MATHEWS.

Our Hero of February 12th

Today we all come to celebrate,
The birthday of Abraham Lincoln the Great,
Our model—our hero the greatest of men,
It helps us each day when we know what he's been.

His home we all know was the poorest to find,
Yet all through his life he was humble and kind,
His mother his teacher, had taught him each day,
To be upright and honest in work and in play.

She taught him his lessons when he was a lad,
From a Bible and speller; 'twas all that she had.
He did a man's work when he was but ten,
And really his childhood had ended then.

After working all day he would study all night,
Read books he could get by the dim candle light,
Or by flames by the great burning logs in the grate,
He would study and work until very late.

His school days numbered just twelve months in all,
There was no time for school; just work was the call.
Oh what would he think could he be here today,
And see our great schools? He'd think study was play.

Opportunities never went by him unseen;
If they had he would never our President have been.
But study his life and follow it through,
And then you will know what a poor boy can do.

We've had other great men as the years have rolled by;

We all have our heroes—to be like them we try.

But I'll take dear Lincoln and I'll try to be

Like him, so you will be proud of me.

When you hear all our stories you'll agree with me then,

He was the poorest of boys—though greatest of men.

Then compare him with others and what he passed through,

And you'll want to make him your hero too.

A GIRL'S VIEW OF LINCOLN

Oh what do you think the girls should say
 On this memorable Lincoln's Day?
 Of course we are girls and will never be men
 But we can be great as others have been

Dear Lincoln says there was no other,
 He owed so much as he did to his mother.
 Ah! some day, mothers we will be;
 We should learn to be patient, and kind, you see.

They say the tree grows as the twig is bent,
 A life may be governed by the childhood spent.
 'Tis the mother who takes the tiny hand,
 And points out the lessons in life so grand.

His mother was honest, patient and kind,
 Lincoln was like her, as we find.
 Let us take for our model his mother, too
 It will show us all what a girl can do.

THE BIRTH OF LINCOLN

The mother lay with the babe in her arms
And proud she was of her son;
The baby had those sweet little charms
That the hearts of all mothers have won.

She kissed the baby—she gave him love
And pressed him close to her breast;
But the little babe sent her from above,
In the poorest garments was dressed.

No little white folds enwrapped the sweet child,
No beautiful dainty white bed;
But a nature like Christ's, so sweet and so mild,
And by that through his life he was led.

So in a log cabin without any floor
But the ground—this dear baby came;
A bear skin, real large, was used for the door,
One covered the windows the same.

Instead of a stove as we see in this day,
They had a very large grate
Where they rolled the big logs—a very queer way,
And these logs would burn until late.

The logs as they burned gave the heat and the light,
For even candles were rare;
But the smile of the baby her heart made bright,
And she gave him a true mother's care.

The bed, made of furs, was laid on the ground,
 The chairs were just blocks of wood;
 But no words of complaint were here ever found,
 And they thought their blessings were good.

But dear Baby Jesus once slept in the hay,
 Yet He became greatest we find;
 Our dear Baby Lincoln was poor the same way,
 And like Christ, he was gentle and kind.

And when our great ruler at last he became,
 He would tell of this cabin so small,
 Would tell of his mother, was proud just the same,
 As though he could a mansion recall.

Never look on the poor with contempt and with scorn,
 For like Lincoln, they great may become,
 Our great men are often of poor parents born,
 And raised in a small humble home.

THE BAKE OVEN IN LINCOLN'S HOME

Would you like to hear the story
Of the bread in Lincoln's day?
Of the quaint old fashioned oven?
Listen close to what I say.

I was proud when mother taught me,
To make bread so nice and white,
I would take the yeast and water,
Salt and flour—not a mite

Too much; then with a spoon I'd stir it,
In a bowl, this way you know;
If I had the things to work with,
I, the way would quickly show.

In a nice warm place I'd put it,
It would get all foam and light,
Then I'd stir it stiff with flour,
And I'd knead it with my might.

Then again it raised all even,
Oh, the pretty loaves I'd make,
In the pans, then in the oven,
I would put them all to bake.

Little Sarah, Lincoln's sister,
Made their bread a different way,
Just some meal and salt and water,
They would likely bake each day.

And the oven that they baked in,
Like a kettle, big and round,
Closed it tightly with a cover,
Then the fireplace they found.

Hung it on a hook, just over,
Where the logs would crack and burn,
And this way they did their baking,
It seems queer when back we turn

To the days of Lincoln's childhood,
Oh, so many things we find,
Showing they endured such hardships,
So this picture keep in mind.

CLOTHES OF LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD

A lad of ten we find him tall,
And strong beyond conception;
The things he used were very crude—yes, all,
And clothes were no exception.

Of buckskin were his trousers made,
And not quite to the ankle;
His shirt of tow, a dark brown shade,
Such clothes would make you rankle.

Of racoon skin, he had a cap,
The tail used for the trimming,
Hung in a tassel—yet this chap
Was full of goodness brimming.

Of shoes our Lincoln never knew,
Until a man we find him;
We'd think his chances very few,
Yet these could never bind him.

It proves the clothes don't make the man,
Or boy—it is ambition;
Just follow Lincoln's life and plan,
To gain some high position.

PIONEER DAYS

Three Legged Stools

Did you ever see
 How it would be
On a three legged stool to sit?
 If you think you can,
Just try the plan—
 You will find it doesn't quite fit.

In Pioneer Days
 They had queer ways,
They used what ever they had.
 There were only three
Legs you see
 On a stool when Abe was a lad.

Washing Clothes

When we wash clothes, we have a tub;
 I have seen my mother rub
The clothes all white—a wringer, too,
 She turns and puts the clothes all through.

But years ago—so people say—
 They used a trough the very way
We do a tub—or else they took
 Their clothes and washed them in the brook.

Ploughs

Our ploughs are made of steel,
Some use a tractor strong;
But years ago the ploughs were wood,
Yet they'd go right along.
We'd think it was too slow,
For they used oxen then;
But don't you think the way they worked
Made stronger, better men?

Mirrors

Did you ever look in a bright tin pan?
Just try it once, and you'll find you can
See your face—just like you, too—
Almost as well as a mirror can do.
Of course it won't be quite as clear,
And you'll use a mirror if it's near.
They used a pan that very way,
In frontier life in Lincoln's day.

Exchange of Goods

They had so little money
When Lincoln was a lad,
They just exchanged the things they raised;
'Twas queer the ways they had.
They'd take the eggs or butter,
Or corn, or wheat to pay
For what they needed at the store,
And paid for things that way.



IDEAL PORTRAIT OF NANCY HANKS

"All that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my mother."

—Abraham Lincoln.

DEATH OF LINCOLN'S MOTHER

On a dreary day in autumn, when our boy was ten years old,
 Angels came and took his mother—took her to the Father's
 fold.

But before the angels took her, she called Abraham, her son,
 Saying, "Now, my boy, I leave you, but be good when I
 am gone.

Help your father—care for sister—live as mother taught you to;
 For our Father calls me to him, and dear boy, I'll have to go."

So when Autumn leaves were falling, in a cabin filled with love,
 Nancy Lincoln left her dear ones—went with angels up
 above.

With his own hands Thomas Lincoln, a rude box, a coffin made,
 It was all they could do for her—then they placed her 'neath
 the shade

Of a tree that she had chosen while in life, for she was brave.
 There they placed her, 'neath the grasses—such was Lincoln's
 mother's grave.

But poor Abraham was saddened, and though he was but a lad,
 He did want a funeral sermon, just the same as others had.
 So he took his precious speller, tore from it the one white sheet,
 Made the red ink from the berries, he all obstacles would
 meet.

Then he took a turkey feather, and his father made a pen,
 And he wrote his childish letter with the berry juice, and
 then

Sent it on to David Elkin—he had preached for them before,
 When they lived back in Kentucky, and for him respect he
 bore.

As the mails were rudely carried—passed from one to others' hands,

It tooks months for it to travel back o'er all the wooded lands,

But the child with patience waited with the childish faith in God,

Taught him by his angel mother, lying now beneath the sod.

Through the winter months he waited, when the spring was past and gone,

David Elkin came there to them, traveling through the woods alone.

Ah, this precious letter reached him, written by the childish hand,

Guarded by the God in Heaven as it traveled o'er the land.
So beneath the spreading branches, standing by the mother's grave,

Words were given to the lonely, and it helped them to be brave.

And two hundred friends were gathered, for they of this letter learned;

They all needed words of comfort—for God's truth their hearts had yearned.

Years went by, a man we find him standing there beside the mound,

For it always gave him comfort, when this spot he sought and found.

And with eyes to heaven lifted, from his heart these words flowed free,

"I owe to my angel mother, all I am and hope to be."

LINCOLN'S VERSE

"He practiced what he preached," we say,
And you will wonder just the way.

I know that only when a boy,
'Twas principle that gave him joy.

His character was one of note,
When very young these lines he wrote:

"Good boys who to their books apply,
Will all be great men by and by."

He surely wrote just what he meant,
For he became our President.

LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD WORK

When Lincoln was a little boy and only ten years old,
He chopped the great trees down with skill, right in the
snow and cold.

He cut the elm, and linn brush, 'twas used the stock to feed,
He drove a team of oxen and he plowed in time of need.

He then the sickle wielded—threshed wheat with just a flail;
And then he fanned and cleaned it with a sheet—without a
wail.

I tell you boys 'twas pretty tough for Abraham to do
All these things when but a boy—no play when he was
through.

And so he swung the axe and worked 'till he was twenty-three,
And never had a chance to go, or e'en a circus see.
But the surprise I have in store, I wonder what you'll say—
He was paid in cents, not dollars, and 'twas twenty-five a
day.

And all the time the twenty-five a day that he did earn,
Was paid right to his father, and he was very stern.
So when we think our work is hard, look back at Lincoln's day;
We'll find our work is nothing then and it will seem just
play.

LINCOLN'S STEP-MOTHER

The angel mother so gentle and mild,
 Left a lasting impression, we find, on the child;
 And now another great change in his life,
 One came to help him through hardship and strife.

For God in his wisdom looked down from above,
 And sent them a mother so filled with love,
 She cheered the home that lonely she found;
 Things changed for Lincoln all around.

An orphan boy—a cousin small,
 She found with Sarah and Abe—but all
 Received her mother love the same,
 And her three children with her came.

For the cabin they now had a "puncheon floor,"
 She took down the deer skin they used for the door.
 And a wooden one took the place of the skin,
 Glass went in the windows to let the light in.

A table and chairs with her things she brought,
 A bureau with drawers, and a great change was wrought;
 For the bureau was packed full clear to the brim,
 And she brightened the home that before had been dim.

She brought clothing and bedding, and dishes and knives
 And forks—all combined made a change in their lives,
 And she made up her mind to give Abe a fair chance,
 For she saw his brightness all at a glance.

"She was a noble woman, loving and good,"

These words were Lincoln's, and he understood
What it meant to have some one care for him,
For they had been lonely and the home light dim.

And she quickly won the heart of the lad;

She worked very hard and never was sad.
And now Lincoln's evenings were all his own,
To read and study, which before was unknown.

"He never gave me a cross word or look,"

She was heard to say—"Oh, the pride I took!
And anything I asked him to do,
He was always willing and wanted to."

How proud was this mother, when he ruler became,
And gave her the loyal true love just the same,
As he did in the cabin so humble and small,
His mother so patient, to one and to all.

A SPELLING MATCH

A spelling match was held in school,
 When Lincoln was a lad;
 They were arranged, half on each side,
 Then a spelling lesson had.

When any of them missed a word,
 Right to their seats they went;
 Then they would see which line would win,
 Who first to seats were sent.

The word "defied" was given out,
 A girl had it to spell;
 She was a special friend of Abe's
 He liked her very well.

She got to "d--e--f--," and then,
 What next—an "i" or "e"?
 She was not sure just what it was,
 Just what it ought to be.

Now Abe was watching all the time,
 And when she looked that way,
 He put his finger to his eye
 And she knew what to say.

COST OF LINCOLN'S TROUSERS

How many yards, my boys, will it take,
For you a pair of trousers to make?
You never have thought, so how could you tell?
When Lincoln was young he figured it well.

The trousers he wore—made of flax and of tow,
Were cut tight at the ankles but never below.
The family was poor and had little means,
So he paid for his trousers made of brown jeans.

For every yard these trousers took,
Four hundred rails he split—now look,
And find how many rails 'twould take
To pay for yours, how many you'd make

But Lincoln was tall when he was a boy;
Oh, the goods that it took—yet to him it was joy
To split rails for the making and for one pair, they say
One thousand four hundred, he made for the pay.

HOW LINCOLN STUDIED

The schools we have today, use paper, pen and ink;
 What would we do without them, we never stop to think.
 Though Lincoln did not have them, he learned his lessons right,
 To see the way he studied, was surely a queer sight.

Today they can make paper from certain kinds of wood,
 They go right in the forests, that have for ages stood.
 Now Lincoln used the wood, but how I'll have to tell,
 'Twas not the same of course, but served the purpose well.

And by the grate he studied, where burning logs shone bright,
 The logs they used were large ones, and they would burn
 all night.

Up to the fireplace they hauled them with a team,
 Opened the door and put them in, the fire then would gleam.

The shovel made of wood, was crude like all the rest,
 It served a double purpose—so wood we find was best.
 He used it as our parents in old times used a slate,
 For pencil he used charcoal, he took it from the grate.

Clear up to the handle tip he figured with great care,
 But even on a shovel there was no room to spare.
 He then would take a jack knife, and whittle it all white,
 This is the way our Lincoln his lessons learned to write.

So when you boys are lucky and a piece of charcoal find,
 Just take a piece of wood and figure, Lincoln's kind,
 Then whittle off these figures, and you will stop to think,
 The blessing that they brought us, in finding pen and ink.

THE FIRST BOOK LINCOLN OWNED

The books our Lincoln found to read,
Were very, very few;
The Life of Washington was one
Of the first books he knew.
A Mr. Crawford owned the book,
And lived some miles away,
But Lincoln walked out to his home
And borrowed it one day.

He read and studied every page,
This noble life so grand;
Oh, he would copy this great man,
For honor he would stand.
Before he finished all the book,
(He used to read at night),
A heavy storm came through the roof
And left the book a sight.

If you have seen a nice new book,
All wet with falling rain,
You'll know how Lincoln must have felt,
His feelings will be plain.
But Lincoln was a manly boy,
And went that very day,
And told him he had spoiled the book
But he would gladly pay

For it by any work he had;
He surely did regret
This lovely Life of Washington
Was spoiled by getting wet.

And so the owner told him, he
 Could work four days for pay,
And as the book was spoiled for him,
 He no more claim would lay.

The book would then be Lincoln's,
 Ah, what a happy look
The boy gave Mr. Crawford, for
 He now would own a book.
So he worked at pulling fodder,
 The rain had brought him joy;
He now would really own a book,
 He was a lucky boy.

Entertainment of Lincoln's
Pioneer Days

SHUCKING CORN

They had great fun in shucking corn,
Way back in early days,
The corn they'd gather from the field,
In just old fashioned ways.

They'd walk along and pluck the ears,
And in a wagon then,
Would throw them as they walked along,
The boys would help the men.

Then to the barn they'd drive the team,
And store the corn away,
And when the corn was gathered in,
The fun would come,—and say,

A shucking bee they then would have,
And come from far and near;
They'd shuck the corn and then they'd dance,
The work was filled with cheer.

And old time dances they would have,
The fiddler did his part;
And often in those shucking bees
They won each other's heart.

LOG ROLLINGS

Log rollings we do not have today,
You wonder what they are, you say?
There were houses of logs some years ago,
For those who lived in the woods you know,
Where trees were found and where they could
Build houses of logs, they always would.

They did not have the mills those days,
 So had to figure other ways.
 They used the logs, for they, you see,
 Could not make lumber from the tree.
 They'd "fell the trees," that's what they'd say—
 And then would trim the limbs away.

And hew them so the logs would fit;
 The logs were whole, they were not split.
 When the logs were done, they'd come with teams,
 And haul the logs—it really seems
 Impossible, but it is so,
 To help, the neighbors all would go.

The logs were on each other placed,
 And carefully each one was spaced,
 And when the cracks between would show,
 They'd "chink" them up with moss you know,
 And soon the house would be complete,
 The house of logs was very neat.

And so they built their homes this way;
 They had no money for the pay,
 And so they helped each other then,
 Each one would cut his logs—the men
 Would gather then from far and near,
 And each new house went up with cheer.

QUILTING BEE

The Quilts that grandma used to make,
Are getting very rare,
For all those stitches that she took,
Were put in with great care.

The tiny pieces she would take,
And make in blocks you know,
Of some design or else 'twould be
She'd place them in a row.

But when the blocks and rows were made,
And they together went,
It must be quilted, so you see,
To friends the word was sent.

And all the ladies then would come,
And have a quilting bee;
Those tiny stitches they'd put in—
Look at a quilt and see

Those many, many stitches there,
They put in every one,
And when the quilt was all complete,
The men of course would come.

Then the fiddler played and they would dance,
And this is just the way,
The young folks all enjoyed themselves
Way back in Lincoln's day.

DANCING

The dancing was for one and all,
 When they should hear the fiddler's call,
 And in the barns and houses meet,
 And friends and neighbors they would greet.

The quilts they'd make, or corn they'd husk,
 Then they would dance the "Money Musk."
 Perhaps 'twould be "Virginia Reel,"
 When forth the fiddler's notes would peal.

The ladies' gowns were calico,
 The men were dressed in jeans or tow,
 They wore no shoes of any kind,
 Though all enjoyed the fun you'd find.

They looked for happiness, not gloom;
 The candles lighted up the room,
 And many evenings thus were spent,
 And blithe and gay they homeward went.

(This is to be recited to the music of the "Money Musk.")

HIS FIRST DOLLAR

When Lincoln in the White House sat—so stately and so tall,
He would of boyhood often tell, would of the past recall;
And to a friend one day he told of his first dollar earned,
And what this dollar meant to him—a lesson he had learned.

He built a raft so he could take his produce off to sell
The river was quite near his home and he could do it well.
The raft all done, he eyed it close—could he improvements
make?
Two barrels it would hold quite well—and that was all
he'd take.

So while he stood there studying, two men stopped him to ask,
Whose raft it was, 'twas surely good, and would he like the
task
Of taking them and their two trunks out where the steamboat
lay,
For steamboats had no place to dock as those do of today.

Glad of the chance he loaded men and trunks upon the raft,
The men then used the trunks for seats, for small they found
the craft;
But Lincoln sculled them all the way—he showed his strength
and skill.
Their heavy trunks he lifted up—and how his heart did
thrill.

The steamer was about to start, and they forgot to pay,
So Lincoln called and told them, in his manly boyish way,
Then each one from his pocket took a piece of silver bright,
And two half dollars tossed the boy—two—was he surely
right?

For he had never dreamed that they would give him such a price,
 It was his own, and honestly he'd earned it—oh, how nice.
 And when in later years of life he President became,
 He'd tell of his first dollar earned—was proud then just the
 same.

"Gentlemen," he said one day, "you may think it only small,
 'Twas most important of my life—and still I oft recall,
 The world seemed kinder to me then and fairer than before,
 It gave me confidence and hope for what life had in store."

LINCOLN'S FIRST SIGHT OF SLAVERY

In the year of 1831

On a flat boat Lincoln went
To New Orleans—a river trip—
And there a month he spent.

He witnessed there for the first time,
The negroes bought and sold,
And when he saw them whipped and scourged,
It made his blood run cold.

The poor things were together chained,
And driven on the stand,
Then treated like the animals
Down in this cotton land.

He saw the auction where the slaves
Were being sold one day;
A nice mulatto girl was there,
And this is just the way

They sold the girl: they pinched her flesh,
'Twas solid—she was strong,
And then did trot her up and down
As a horse would run along.

They sold the girl to any who
The highest price would pay.
Young Lincoln could not stand the scene
And so he moved away.

He could not see the children sold,
Or parents have to part;
The scene was terrible to him,
With tears his eyes did smart.

He said to his companion,
"If a chance I ever get
To hit that thing, I'll hit it hard";
That crisis Lincoln met.

'Twas thirty years before it came,
That war where many fought;
But when it came, he did his part,
And no more slaves were bought.

YOUNG LINCOLN'S SPEECHES

When Lincoln was young he could make a speech,
And always a crowd he drew,
Wherever he was, on the farm or in town,
The speeches of "Abe" all knew.

No matter who his employers were,
And his father thought so as well,
Their work was more important to them,
Than speeches or stories he'd tell.

The man of the store of Gentryville,
A Louisville paper took,
And "Abe" would go and read the news,
Then to "Abe" the rest would look.

Then he would mount a stump and speak,
In a very thrilling way,
Would then discuss the news he read,
Or poems he would say.

He could imitate to perfection, and preach
Like the wandering preacher who came,
Would with variations the sermons repeat;
It was here he first won fame.

They would throw down their sickles and grass they'd
leave,
Or wood they were cutting, and then,
Whenever "Abe" would start to talk,
He drew the boys and men.

He would fifteen miles to Boonville walk,
So he could court attend,
And then come home and from a stump
Their speeches forth would send.

In later years no wonder then,
That he could beat the rest;
His oratory always won,
His stories were the best.

LINCOLN A PEDDLER

'Tis often when some chances come, we see them pass right by,
And when they're gone we sit and look and mournfully we
sigh.

But for example, Lincoln's life just study and you'll find,
No chances slipped by him unseen—awake we find his mind.

So when from Indiana to Illinois to live they went,
Young Lincoln drove the ox-team, but his time must be
well spent;

For if ever it takes patience, 'tis when oxen you must drive,
But to master all these lessons he would work and he would
strive.

So he gathered all the money—it was thirty dollars saved,
And he purchased pins and needles, thread and buttons
people craved;

And as through the woods he traveled he would to the people
sell,

And he pleased them with his frankness, and his honesty
as well.

So the long and dreaded journey brought a blessing to the lad,
He made another thirty, for he doubled what he had;
Thus we find he never faltered, though his tasks were hard
to do,

If we have the "Lincoln Spirit" we'll not stop, we'll go
right through.

LINCOLN'S HONESTY

The stores they had in Lincoln's day,
 Were run in such a funny way;
 They had one room and you would find,
 Most anything of any kind.

But it was all in country style,
 And their queer ways would make you smile.
 Just one big counter in the room,
 Yet funny tales cheered up the gloom.

The barrels and the boxes then,
 Were used for seats for tired men;
 A jolly place for young and old,
 And Lincoln ran this kind we're told.

From wooded ploughs and boots you'd find,
 Most anything of any kind;
 The women coming to the store,
 Wore shawls and bonnets as of yore.

And they would walk from miles away,
 For teams were scarce in Lincoln's day.
 One day a woman came for tea,
 'Twas getting dark and so you see

The figures dull on the old scales;
 It made it hard to figure sales;
 But next day Lincoln, when he found
 He'd charged too much, he went around

And found her home six miles away,
But he must give her back the pay,
Six and a quarter cents too much—
Now, would you walk six miles for such

A trifle? Yet young Lincoln thought,
It was not honest, she had bought
The tea, and he should make it right,
So to her home he walked that night.

So "Honest Abe," they would him call,
And "Honest Abe" was loved by all;
And when he President became,
They called him "Honest Abe" the same.

LINCOLN CAPTAIN IN THE BLACK HAWK WAR

Lincoln had a frontier life,
 One of hardship, toil and strife.
 One where strength did always count,
 As he worked each step to mount.

The Black Hawk trouble now was plain,
 They needed some recruits again;
 So Lincoln answered to the call,
 Would do his best—would give his all.

The companies chose their captains then,
 They had a vote from all the men;
 Two men stood up—one on each side—
 They did not names on ballots hide.

But each went to the man he chose;
 Most went to Lincoln, but when those
 Others saw the Lincoln line,
 They said, "That one I'll choose for mine."

The other man was left alone,
 To Lincoln all the men had gone;
 The other man, though widely known,
 Had not the disposition shown.

The one, though humbly bred, was right;
 Their choice filled Lincoln with delight,
 And so he said that he believed
 This recognition he'd received

Gave him delight, ah, yes, far more,
Than he had e'er received before
Or since, although in time he came
To be our President of fame.

One who could every crisis meet,
Yet with a smile each one would greet,
Who from a humble captain went
Up step by step to President.

But though no action ever came,
They loved their captain just the same.
A comrade he was of the best,
In story telling, beat the rest.

THE POST OFFICE LINCOLN KEPT

In every city in our land, or village small, I understand,
A building you will always find, that handles mail of every
kind.

Our Uncle Sam is wise you know, his very work will always
show,
But he was young in Lincoln's day, and handled mail in a
queer way.

They had no stamps, because, you see, "I paid for letters sent
to me."

The price was high, and letters rare, and they were sent with
greatest care;
Though not a building you could see, you wonder how these
things could be,
But Lincoln was a postman too, of course he knew just what
to do.

He saved much time in his queer way—he put them in his hat,
but say,
He had to "tip it" with great care, but "tipping hats" was
very rare.
He carried letters 'till he found the owners, or he went around
And left them at their homes you know, and promptness he
would always show.

But Uncle Sam was poorer then, and could not pay the price
for men
To carry mail, few letters came—expenses counted just the
same;

But Lincoln in his honest way, did not forget to keep the pay
He had collected; it was gold—he put it in his stocking old;

And there it lay, the years went by, then came the men, of
course they'd try,

To get it, but they had fears that he had used it all these
years,

For he was poor—they did not know that he such principle
would show;

But when he paid them—such a shock—he brought out this
old woolen sock.

A SURVEYOR

When Abraham Lincoln was twenty-five,
 Surveyors were greatly in need;
 For the country was new and cities to build,
 And work must progress with great speed.
 So Lincoln was asked to join a crew,
 Of the work he knew nothing at all,
 But he took the book and mastered the rules,
 So he could any recall.

It took him six weeks the problems to learn,
 And then with the money he'd saved,
 He bought saddle bags, a horse, a compass and chain;
 A new frontier life he now braved.
 As he traveled the country, he made many friends,
 For they liked him where ever he went;
 He knew woodcraft far better than any one there,
 Though much time at books he had spent.

He could judge a good horse, could umpire a race,
 And he was the strongest man;
 He could wrestle and leap and join in the sport,
 Or help others in any plan.

Although he was raised away in the woods,
 Of coarseness there was never a trace;
 His language was clean—no profanity there—
 And kindness shone from his face.

He did not have a boastful way,
 But joined in with the rest;
 In all the country far and near,
 They liked "Abe Lincoln" the best.

Surveying helped in many ways,
 Some time at that he spent;
 It gave the people a chance to know
 Whom they wanted for President.

LINCOLN AN OBLIGING MAN

Lincoln was always ready,
A helping hand to lend;
Wherever he went in the walks of life,
He always made a friend.

While a neighbor or friend he would visit,
He would for the children care,
And the cradle would rock or the baby would tend,
While the mother the meal would prepare.

We are told how he gave up his bed,
And then on the counter slept,
When the tavern was full, that he might oblige
The man who the tavern kept.

He would chop the wood for the widow,
Or help any way that he could;
No wonder in all of New Salem he found
A welcome, go where he would.

No wonder that every housewife,
Would "put on a plate" for him,
Or would darn his socks, or mend his clothes,
For he cheered their home when dim.

It was just a part of his nature,
He won his way by love;
He felt for all in his own true way,
With a spirit like Christ above.

LINCOLN'S HOME

Miss Mary Todd of Kentucky,
To Springfield came one day,
To visit a sister who had married and gone
From the home nest far away.

While there she met Mr. Lincoln,
They soon became fast friends,
Their friendship grew to end at last
The way it often ends.

In time they had their home,
Though small, a home of love;
And many blessings came to them,
Sent from the God above.

Three children came to add
New blessings, and to make
The home far dearer than before,
And of this love partake.

The first one's name was Robert,
Then Willie joined the lad;
Then came little Thomas, but
They always called him Tad.

The angels came for Willie
And took him up above;
'Tis often that the Master calls
The ones to Him we love.

This sorrow was the greatest,
That Lincoln ever knew;
His home had always happy been,
Before, his joys were few.

Robert grew to manhood,
A captain he became
In the great war of the nation,
That gave his father fame.

But Tad was left to comfort,
Though he was very small,
Lincoln kept him close to him
When cares would heavy fall.

He seemed to take great comfort
In being with the lad;
He never found his work too hard
To stop and smile at Tad.

LINCOLN AS A LAWYER

A stranger came one day to see

The Lawyer—to have him make a plea.

So Lincoln said, "Your case please state,

And all particulars relate."

And so the man then told him all,

He, Lincoln's sympathy would call.

"I cannot serve you, you are not right,"

The lawyer said, "I will not fight

A case like that." Then said the man,

"Is it not your business if I can

Pay you for the work you do,

And with this case you see me through?"

"Not my business—don't you see,

Though I'm a lawyer 'twill never be

To defend the wrong, and I fear

That you are wrong is very clear."

"Well, you can surely trouble make,

And that way then the case you take."

"No doubt that I could win for you,

But that thing I will never do.

Distress a widow! Six children, too,

Without a father! I could not do.

Six hundreds dollars for you get,

It rightly belongs to her, and yet

You want me, this woman to sue?

Never! for it does not belong to you."

Then Lincoln said, "Not for any pay

Would I take a case that is wrong that way.

You may be morally wrong, though legally right,

But I'll give you a piece of advice—you might

Be sprightly, energetic, but you it will pay,

To make six hundred another way."

LINCOLN'S KNIFE

This story Lincoln often told:
"In the cars I rode one day,
While on a circuit trip,
And a stranger stopped to say,

'An article of yours I have
In my possession here,
'Ah, how is that?' I asked, of course
Surprised I did appear.

Then a jack knife from his pocket
He drew—"This knife," said he,
'Was placed in my hands some years ago,
With the injunction given to me

To keep this knife 'till a man I found
Uglier than myself, and now
I have carried it from that time to this,'
He presented it with a bow.

He smiled, 'You are fairly entitled to the knife,
Sir, allow me to say'.
This knife Mr. Lincoln cherished and kept,
And he carried it from that day.

LINCOLN'S RESCUE OF A PIG

They "rode the circuit" in Lincoln's day,
Why not a horse instead? we say;
I will explain and you will see,
What "riding a circuit" used to be.

The lawyers, judge and jurymen,
From town to town they went and then
In each town held the court one day,
And formed a circuit—so they say.

On horseback Lincoln rode one day,
Was "riding the circuit" they would say;
His clothes were new, and you could see,
He was careful of them, he had to be.

He saw a slough as he passed by,
A pig was in it and would try
Hard to get out, but there he stuck
Fast, mired in the mud and muck.

And Lincoln looked—he'd have to dig,
And spoil his clothes to save the pig
So he rode on—two miles he went,
His mind on piggie sure was bent.

First of the mired pig he thought,
Then of the clothes that he had bought;
The thought of piggie gave him pain,
His heart could never stand the strain.

The pig would die he well did know,
He surely would more courage show.
He rode back and the pig he found,
He put some rails down on the ground,

Climbed in and pulled the poor pig out,
The pig was saved, but what about
The clothes—he stopped to view,
For they were spoiled, this well he knew.

He washed his hands clean in the brook,
And gave the pig a farewell look,
Yet he was happy when he found
The pig was safely on the ground.

And to a friend who thought him kind
He said, "'twas selfishness; you'll find
No peace of mind, was my belief,
Unless I gave the pig relief."

LINCOLN'S FAMOUS HORSE TRADE

A pastime queer in days of old,
To trade and banter, we are told,
And Lincoln was like all the rest,
He figured well to get the best.
It furnished merriment for all,
They all were ready at the call.
A horse trade was arranged one day
By Lincoln, with a friend, they say.

The horse should be by neither seen,
Until they met upon the green
Of the old courthouse, and the square
Was one where all the fun could share.
Should either fail to make the trade,
Or fail to keep the rules they made,
Or try to stop in any way,
He'd five and twenty dollars pay.

At nine o'clock the time was set,
The rules were strict and must be met,
So each one went his way to find,
The one they wished—their choice and kind.
At nine o'clock the judge came down
The road that led straight through the town;
He led his horse—it was a sight,
'Twas blind—could not tell day from night.

It was so poor the bones you'd see,
A swollen bunch was on each knee;
The skin hung loosely on the frame,
The horse was also very lame.

Wild shouts of laughter and of cheer,
Went up as this quaint pair drew near,
For they had come for miles around
To see the fun—and fun they found.

With joy they waited now to see
The kind that Lincoln's horse would be,
For no one else could ever find
A match for this—not any kind.
Soon Lincoln followed the same track,
A wooden saw horse on his back;
Just ask a carpenter to show
The kind he uses—he will know.

The laugh was louder than before,
As he came down the road and bore
His horse; and as his horse he placed
Beside the judge's, then he faced
The judge, and in his own droll way
“This is the first time Judge, I'll say,
That I was beat in a horse trade,
Though many in my life I've made.”

THE RAIL CANDIDATE

In 1860, on the tenth of May,
 The republican convention was held that day,
 In the city of Decatur for Illinois State,
 Lincoln for President was candidate.
 The Illinois Governor held the chair,
 They honored him—for he was fair.
 "Gentlemen," said he, "there is some one here,
 A distinguished citizen whom you will cheer;
 'Tis pleasure I take to invite him with me,
 A place on the platform his should be."

'Mid great applause a man quite tall,
 Received the cheers from one and all.
 He was lifted above the heads of the crowd,
 And passed along, mid cheers that were loud.
 On upraised hands, each delegate
 Did with his cheers his feelings state;
 The platform reached, he gained his feet,
 Then turned to his fellowmen to greet;
 The shouts grew louder than before,
 The storm of cheers grew more and more.

The Governor spoke—the lull was slight,
 "Gentlemen if I am informed aright,
 An old Democrat outside the hall
 Is waiting—has something to present to you all."
 "Let him in, let him in," arose the shout;
 A side door opened—then from without,

An Illinois farmer, wrinkled and old,
Sunburned and gray headed, came in as was told.
On his shoulders he carried two weather worn
Fence rails—above which a banner was borne

Saying "Abraham Lincoln, The Rail Candidate,
For President In 1860," but wait,
"Two rails from a lot of 3000 made
In 1830—By John Hanks and Abe
Lincoln." These with cheers they did greet,
Threw up their hats and stamped their feet,
And when at last they quiet became,
In a half timid manner he referred to the same,
"I suppose to that you expect a reply,
That I made those rails I don't say or deny,

But I am sure I have made a great many as good."
And then while there before them he stood,
He told of the first year in Illinois he spent,
Of helping his father—on his task he was bent.
He helped build the cabin—plant the first crop of corn;
He was not ashamed that poor he was born,
But he could do other things, every one knew,
These things were many—not merely a few;
So each one said as he homeward went,
That Abraham Lincoln should be President.

THE OLD LADY'S GIFT

An old lady who knew Mr. Lincoln,
And near his home did live,
Heard he was elected President
And she must a token give.

Mr. Lincoln was very busy
When a caller came one day;
From a sunbonnet shone a face
That smiled in a motherly way.

The face was tanned and wrinkled,
But the face was one of song;
She brought to him some stockings,
They were blue, and a whole yard long.

She herself had knitted these stockings;
Tears came to the eyes of the man;
To the White House he said he would take them,
He smiled down at the face of tan.

He said he could find none like them,
He knew they were of the best;
Eyes twinkling, he held them up,
To the merriment of all the rest.

Said a gentleman in the company,
"For her judgment I've great respect,
For the longitude and latitude of Lincoln
She has surely measured correct."

LINCOLN A TEMPERANCE MAN

Abraham Lincoln was a temperance man,
He used no liquor—which was always his plan,
And when he was there in the official seat,
He was cordial to all or to guests he would meet;
But he never would use the liquor to toast—
Cold water his beverage—and but few could boast
Of principle enough to carry them through,
And follow the way that Lincoln would do.

When the Republican party visited him,
And of his election told him with vim,
Of course by the custom Lincoln must treat,
Give something to drink to the friends he did meet.
So to the servant girl Lincoln spoke,
Then continued to tell his story and joke;
But when she returned, to the surprise of the rest,
She had the beverage that Lincoln liked best.

A large waiter she brought held the pitcher and glass,
For each one there, and these she did pass;
Then addressing the guests Lincoln arose,
“Gentlemen, we must pledge our health in those
Ways I have always had, and we can
Take the beverage God has given to man,
With pleasure to all this beverage I bring,
It is pure Adam’s Ale, God sends from the spring.”

So saying, he a tumbler took,
And touched to his lips with a satisfied look,
And pledged to them his highest respects,
In a cup of cold water—which always reflects,
The principle Abraham Lincoln had shown,
And deeper for him their respect had grown;
Joining in with the toast their confidence grew,
And his strength of character every one knew.

THE LAWYER'S LESSON

A court was held in Boonville, to try a murder case,
 A strange thing in that country where peace reigned in the
 place.

A lawyer from Kentucky, young Breckenridge by name,
 Would plead the case, for he was then a man of fame.

A lad of sixteen summers, those many miles he walked,
 To hear the famous trial of which they all had talked;
 His eyes were wide with wonder—the speech was very grand,
 He listened to the pleading to the jury on the stand.

And when it all was over and he passed down the aisle,
 The lad went to the lawyer to greet him with a smile;
 The hand held out was hardened and tanned with honest toil,
 His clothes were coarse and showed him a worker of the soil.

The boy, enthusiastic,—oh, how his face did shine;
 He told this great young lawyer he thought his speech was
 fine.

The lawyer stopped—surveyed him—then brushed the lad
 aside,
 As from the poor white class, for he had too much pride
 To mingle with the lowly; and so he went his way,
 Ignored the boy and left him—did not a kind word say.
 It hurt the lad, for ne'er had he received such scorn,
 'Twas honor that did count—not where a boy was born.

The lad had grown to manhood—our ruler he became,
 A lawyer went to him and gave to him his name;
 Then Lincoln smiled and told him of Boonville and the day
 He heard him speak, how glad he was, and then the way
 He went to him to greet him because it gave him joy
 To hear so grand a speech when he was just a boy;
 And then of how he scorned him because his clothes were poor;
 The lawyer had his lesson before he reached the door.

T H E L I F E O F

LINCOLN AND TAD

After all his work was done,
Lincoln's greatest joy,
Was romping with his little son;
He played just like a boy.

He joined with Tad in all his games,
Through the halls above he'd run,
Playing blind man's buff with Tad,
He joined right in the fun.

They each in turn would driver be,
When horse they'd often play,
Or Tad would on his shoulder sit
And have a ride that way.

And when his work was all complete,
And he would stop to rest,
He'd have Tad come and talk with him,
He liked that way the best.

Together they would talk of things
That happened on that day,
Or they would look at picture books,
And pass the time away.

He would sharpen pencils for the lad,
His playthings help him find;
This was the rest the ruler found,
And he preferred this kind.

When in his busy office he
Would find the boy asleep,
He would carry him across the hall,
And still in slumber deep

He'd lay him on his little bed
As a loving mother might,
And anything the boy would do,
He seemed to think was right.

And when his cares would heavy be,
And when his heart was sad,
He seemed to rest and to forget
If he could be with Tad.

TAD'S TOOLS

I don't see why there's harm in my
Using tools when Tad Lincoln could
For he had the joy when he was a boy,
Of tools, just as other boys should.

The mansion as well as the stable would tell
The work of the President's son;
He drove nails one day in the desk used by Hay,
You could tell where his work had been done.

In the Cabinet Hall where the meetings they call,
For a bench the big table he used;
My sister would say, I must go away,
If the things in the house I abused.

Wish I'd been Tad, for that lucky lad
Had no sisters to scold him that way;
"What next will he do?"—the whole day through,
Was all they ever would say.

But sad to relate the terrible fate,
The tools disappeared one night,
For the famous East Room was meeting its doom,
And the tools vanished out of Tad's sight.

TAD'S ORDERS FOR RATIONS

The cabinet members were gathered,
In the summer of '62,
The war was then in progress,
There was plenty of business to do.
The President sat with his members,
Great care was portrayed on his face,
The eyes looked out of great hollows,
Lines came which none could erase.

But mingled with these lines of sorrow,
Was the love which all understood,
And the ruler was working to make
The Union one great brotherhood.
During a serious question,
Debated by one and by all,
Three short raps were followed
By two thumps on the door of the hall.

"Now I wonder what Tadpole wants,"
The President was heard to say,
"That is the telegraph code
I taught him yesterday.
Three short and two long, this way,"
And he drummed it so all could see;
"To prevent his breaking in
Without warning. I'll have to be

True to my word, for I promised
Never to go back on the code."
But Tad, getting very impatient,
Burst into this quiet abode.

The door of the room flew open,
To the father's arms rushed the boy,
Cheeks glowing, eyes flashing, hair flying,
And the words tumbled forth were not joy.

In excitement he jerked out the story,
For fear some word he might lose,
"Papa day, the kitchen is ours,
And can't I feed the boys if I choose?
There's lots of 'em all downstairs,
And they're all my friends you see,
Two of 'em's papa's is soldiers,
And we're hungry as bears can be."

"And Peter won't let us in,
And mamma is gone away,
And I want the pies and things,
Peter had left yesterday."
"How many boys are there Taddie?"
"With me there's seven, you see,
Two soldier boys, Perry and Bobby,
And two more—can't Peter mind me?"

"I must have the advice," said the ruler,
"Of you cabinet members all,
'Tis a case of diplomacy, surely,
To hear so important a call."
"This house belongs to the nation,"
Said Seward, "just loaned you these years,
But we can't see young citizens starving,
Though the nation's great debt gives us fears.

For the ration of seven boys starving,
 The ruler an order must write."
 Tad rushed from the arms of his father,
 For pencil and paper white,
 Then back to his father he hastened,
 Who, with a smile wrote a line,
 "I reckon Peter will come to time now, son!"
 With this "order" Tad went out to dine.

TAD GETS HIS COMMISSION

"My boy," said Stanton, "would you like to be
A soldier yourself, so you could see
What it means to be a real soldier true,
And carry the flag—red, white and blue?"

"Do you mean I'll have a uniform, too,
And straps on my shoulders like big soldiers do?
And a sword and brass buttons, and everything
That the life of a soldier is sure to bring?"

"Why, yes, I think all the trappings, Tad,
You should have, and the pomp of your rank, then my lad
You should muster a company, and drill your men,
You'd be like your brother, an officer then "

"Papa day, Papa day, oh, do you hear?"
Cried the boy, full of excitement and cheer.
Then, as doubt entered his mind, said he,
"Papa—he isn't laughing at me?"

"No, Tad," said his father, rising again,
"He is not laughing at you, it is plain,
But to make sure I'd make him give me
A real commission, then a soldier you'll be."

"You mean a paper that I can show
That I am a soldier and people will know?"
To the table he scrambled for paper and pen,
A small boy in knickerbockers, to the secretary then.

The official paper Stanton drew
 As first lieutenant—and then a new
 Uniform and sword must go to the lad,
 He must have all the things the lieutenants had.

These were sent to the White House mid joy and cheers,
 To Thomas Lincoln, aged nine years;
 Then young Tad gave a smile to all,
 Clattered out of the door and down the hall.

Said his father, "I reckon you've made the boy
 So happy by giving him this new joy,
 This place won't hold him for awhile."
 "Don't think you'll regret it," said he with a smile.

TAD—AS LIEUTENANT

The promise was kept for Lieutenant Tad;
Secretary Stanton completely had
Fulfilled his promise to provide
The "trappings" which Tad viewed with pride.

He should have them to give him the courage and vim,
To go with the rank now conferred on him;
From the arsenal twenty-five guns were sent
To the very youngest lieutenant they went.

Of the United States' Volunteers,
Thomas Lincoln, aged nine years.
These were to be in the basement kept,
He could guard the house while the others slept.

A room near the laundry was all his own,
His headquarters were there and 'twas widely known;
Recruits were drafted at once by the lad,
The gardeners and servants, all they had,

Were duly sworn his soldiers to be;
They were loyal to him you could plainly see.
Through the halls, through the grounds, they were
marched and drilled;
With joy the lieutenant's heart was filled.

One evening while other small boys slept,
He dismissed the regular sentries kept;
His company he placed on duty then,
He guarded the house with his own drilled men.

They were doing their duty, the lieutenant believed;
 By a deputy special they were later relieved.
 The uniform, gloves and cap were his pride,
 And the nice bright sword that hung at his side.

When riding an evening the President spent,
 On his pony young Tad in his uniform went,
 And many looked on with joy and pride,
 To see the President and Lieutenant ride.

TAD'S GOATS

The White House always welcomed
The visitors—many came
To go through the Nation's Mansion,
The historical rooms of fame.

And so with greatest reverence
For the country and ruler as well,
Came a party of ladies from Boston,
So they of the beauties might tell.

They viewed the frescoed ceilings,
The paintings that hung on the wall,
The furniture, even the carpets,
They carefully viewed them all;

When out of the solemn stillness,
From the end of the hall came a bang,
The door was thrown widely open,
And a little boy's voice loudly rang.

The horrified ladies stood speechless,
As down the hall came the boy,
And he flourished the whip he was holding,
And was almost bursting with joy.

The pair of goats he was driving,
Were hitched to a kitchen chair,
And the party of visitors watched him
As he rapidly drove the pair

In the wonderful, sacred East Room;
He flourished his whip with a shout
To the goats he was skillfully guiding,
"Look out there," he yelled, "look out."

On he went with his driving,
The front door reached at last;
He charged down the front steps of the mansion,
While the visitors looked aghast.

LINCOLN'S LETTER TO TAD

"Dear Tad—Poor Nanny goat is lost,
There's great distress about it;
My boy cheer up—I know the cost—
What will you do without it?

The day you left and went away,
Nanny was found resting;
She chewed her cud while there she lay
Your nice soft bed a testing.

She went around and flowers destroyed—
You see she missed you Taddie—
They all complained that she annoyed;
'Tis sad for you my laddie.

But then Poor Nanny disappeared
One night while we were sleeping,
She's gone away, we all have feared,
In some one else's keeping.

REVIEW OF THE POTOMAC ARMY

To the great Potomac army,
 Which was sixty thousand strong,
 Lincoln went to view the soldiers,
 Took Lieutenant Tad along.
 Down the river on a steamboat,
 Which was small, the party went,
 And from thence rode in a freight car
 All bedecked with flags, which meant

They were giving to their ruler
 Whom they loved the very best.
 On the rough planks used for benches
 Was their only way to rest.
 Then the ambulance received them,
 And with cavalry as guard,
 They went on to the headquarters,
 Ne'er complained the trip was hard.

For five days they were encamped there,
 Tad explored the whole first day,
 Even went to see the wounded,
 To the tents in which they lay.
 But the days that were to follow,
 Brought new pleasures to the boy,
 For he then reviewed the army,
 Rode his horse with pride and joy.

While the Philadelphia Lancers,
 Uniform all laced with gold,
 And the honor guard for Lincoln
 Each with pride his horse did hold.

In the cavalcade were generals
Majors, also brigadiers,
And the colonels and the captains,
Filled the soldiers' hearts with cheer.

To one side and with an escort,
Could be seen Lieutenant Tad,
On his horse with the pride and honor
Of a general, rode the lad.
To the thrill of martial music,
With his escort at his side—
Throbbing drums and fife and trumpets,
To this music Tad would ride.

How the soldiers loved their ruler,
How they loved Lieutenant Tad;
'Twas to give them cheer and courage
Lincoln thought and took the lad.
He did not forget their children,
Nor forget their father love;
You could hear the prayers of many,
"Send him blessings from above."

HOME LIFE

Clad in a calico dressing gown,
 Not reaching his ankles, but nearly down,
 In old fashioned slippers of leather brown
 Which showed home knitted stockings,

The President went across the hall,
 From the room where Tad was asleep, and all
 Being done, he would his cares let fall,
 He would read while he was resting.

He put down the candle and closed the door,
 His slippers had shuffled along the floor
 Of the hall—but now in his room once more,
 Cares fled while he was resting.

He sat in a chair with a book in his lap,
 When a sound was heard on the door, tap! tap!
 Ah, Tad had awakened from his nap,
 And the President's features brightened.

The bolt of the door he slipped aside,
 He welcomed Tad—arms opened wide—
 In his little white night gown was Tad, his pride,
 And the boy was always welcome.

Ah, many a night the boy would creep
 Across the hall, with his father to sleep,
 Never too tired his boy to keep,
 Though he carried the cares of the nation.

THE DYING SOLDIER LAD

'Twas the early part of summer, in 1863,

The war was raging heavy, that set the negroes free.

Ah, do we e'er consider the sorrow it has cost,

The suffering of the soldiers, of those whose lives were lost?

Though Lincoln's cares were many, he, work aside would lay,

And go and see the wounded—would each a visit pay.

He gave them words of comfort, of sympathy and love,

And told them of the Father that watched them from above.

Their pain he would make lighter when he would take each
hand,

And give them the assurance that he by each would stand.

The wondrous love they felt, as Lincoln's eyes they met,

And many soldiers saw their ruler's eyes were wet.

A soldier boy lay dying—just sixteen summer's old;

Was soon to meet his Master, the Shepherd of the Fold,

And Lincoln stood beside him, his words were tender, true,

"Well, my poor boy," he said "what can I do for you?"

The boyish face then brightened—"Write mother, please, for
me!"

"Ah, that I will," he answered; then boyish words flowed
free.

And with a pen and paper, he sat beside the boy,

Some word to mother—the boy's heart filled with joy.

And so he wrote the letter, and though 'twas very long,

He gave no signs of hurry, the words to him were song;

The mother's heart might brighten—the boy was staunch and true,

Would die to save the flag of red, and white, and blue.

He 'rose—with love questioned in a tone that love can bring,

“What else can I do my boy—do you wish for anything?”

The boy looked up, eyes pleading—he knew he'd understand,

“Please won't you stay with me, I want to hold your hand?”

Ah, Lincoln knew the meaning—those words were far too strong,

He took the precious hand, and waited—waited long.

Two hours there he sat with love as for a son—

No wonder that respect from soldiers Lincoln won.

And when the angels came, and took with them the lad,

With love as of a father, his big heart ached, was sad;

The boy's arms he folded—then Lincoln burst in tears—

'Twas one of many scenes that could be seen those years.

No matter who the soldiers were, though dressed in blue or gray,

They had this love of Lincoln's that helped them on their way;

And many stories have been told how he has helped the sad,

And this is only one—of The Dying Soldier Lad.

MR. LINCOLN BELIEVES HIMSELF HOMELY

Lincoln's Own Story

A gentleman from the Cabinet retiring,
To Lincoln went to state,
The many virtues his successor had,
Would him congratulate

In finding one so fitted
For the office, so he told.
Mr. Lincoln only said,
"For the office he shall hold

I don't doubt he is very efficient,
Well adapted, and all you say,
Yet there's nothing that can compensate me,
For the loss I'll have to pay.

'Tis a fact when you retire,
My sorrow you'll plainly see;
In all the employment of the government,
The homeliest man I'll be."

A LITTLE GIRL'S JUDGMENT OF LINCOLN

A little girl to the White House went,
With her father to make a call;
She had heard how homely Lincoln was,
She saw he was very tall.

Lincoln took her on his knee,
And talked in his merry way,
He quickly won the heart of the child,
She turned to her father to say,

"Oh, Pa; he isn't ugly at all;
He's beautiful." A child did know,
'Tis not the features that count at all,
But the heart that beats below.

THE VETERAN

A veteran came hobbling along the path,
His eyes looked far away;
His cheeks were sunken, he was very pale,
He lived just day by day.

He halted a moment, and slowly then,
Approached a gentleman tall,
Who was walking along, "Good morning," he said—
The tall man saw it all.

"I want to ask you some advice,"
He heard the veteran say,
He led him then to a shady seat,
In a gentle, kindly way.

He listened to the story the veteran told,
How in the war he had fought;
How to apply he did not know,
So pension to him would be brought.

He gave him his papers, which the gentleman read,
From his pocket a card he took,
And wrote a few lines in a quiet way,
And gave him a friendly look.

The veteran was grateful—and with tears in his eyes,
He thanked him, 'twas all he could say,
As he handed it back and bade him good luck,
And smiled as he hurried away.

The veteran took the card and read,
 "To the pension bureau: See
 That speedy attention this veteran shall have."
 Ah, who could this gentleman be?

He turned the card and read the name,
 These words to his lips it brought—
 "God bless him—he never forgets—I am glad
 For the country and Lincoln I fought."

LINCOLN VIEWS THE SOUTHERN CAPITOL

'Twas springtime, and the sun rose above the southern hills;
The air was filled with fragrance which the blossom always
fills,
And the butterflies were hovering o'er the flowers and the green,
And all Virginia's beauty of her springtime could be seen.

But Richmond shook with terror as her arsenals were blown;
The beauty of that springtime was the saddest ever known;
The magazines of powder were fired with the rest,
And e'en the ironclads were blown, though they were of the
best.

This city of the Southern States broke forth with sudden gloom,
For four years they had stood the storm and now must meet
their doom.
The boys in gray marched o'er the bridge and burned it as they
passed,
For four long years the soldiers there in Richmond had been
massed.

The seven hills of beauty were fired and laid low;
'Tis queer how quick a city can to desolation grow;
Here and there was furniture in heaps upon the grass,
And mothers prayed with little ones that trouble soon would
pass.

And Richmond, scarred and battle torn, with forts and trenches
'round,
Was full of sickness and starvation, for 'twas this way it
was found.

The stars and stripes were floated there above the city brave;
 Four long years they had prayed and hoped the stars and bars
 might wave.

This was the city Lincoln found when he to Richmond came;
 It was "The Wondrous Seven Hills," some called it by that
 name.

And as he landed from the barge, Tad clutched his father's
 hand,

A little tot, we all would say, to see that stricken land.

The negroes came to see the man who helped them to be free;
 They all had hoped the time might come when this man they
 might see.

But Lincoln smiled and tipped his hat, though the smile he gave
 was sad,

And from his eyes the warm love shone for the city wrecked
 so bad.

He viewed the Southern Capitol with Doric columns white,

The Virginia Hall Of Delegates of which so many write;
 Where Stonewall Jackson lay in state—'twas just two years
 before,

And as he viewed these sacred spots his heart ached more and
 more.

The Executive Mansion Lincoln viewed, it was on Shockoe
 Hill;

He saw the pillars tall and white, he climbed the steps and
 still

With little Tad right by his side he waited here to rest;

How many brave ones had been here and fought and done
 their best?

And then he went to where the Southern women brave,
Had cared for the wounded and dying, prayed and worked
that their lives they might save;
And the rooms where the women had scraped the lint—where
uniforms were made,
And Libby Prison where the Blues thru heartaches had
to wade.

Ah, long he stopped with great respect, at the statue of Wash-
ington,
Through the first book he had ever owned this man his love
had won.

He gazed at the red brick houses, enclosed by the vine clad walls,
Which shut in the pretty gardens on which the blessing of
nature falls.

At the Confederate Mansion they told him how the camp fires
had shone so bright,
For almost a year the bugles were heard, and the fires shone
night after night.

From the beating of drums his thoughts wandered, to the guns
with their rumble and glare,
He had suffered four years with the South, and their suffer-
ing still did he share.

A young woman, the wife of a soldier who in the battle of
Gettysburg fought,
Received the sad smile of Lincoln, which to many such com-
fort had brought;
And he said as he stopped and kissed the babe, in her arms the
mother bore,
“Come, Tad; we better go home—for I can’t—stand—any
—more.”



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THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

On the 14th of April in '65,

The cities and country were surely alive,
 The great war was ended—all hearts with joy filled,
 The bands played their music—the guns were now stilled.
 Captain Robert Lincoln to his home returned,
 For with love for his home his heart had burned,
 And General Grant arrived with the son
 Of the man who the hearts of the nation had won.

Washington went wild with joy that night,
 Was bedecked with flags and bunting bright;
 The night was flooded with moonlight clear,
 Lights shone from the windows far and near.
 Two theaters word to the President sent,
 That his box would be ready, but to Ford's he went.
 First come, first served, was Lincoln's way,
 And Ford's was first, so he saw their play.

"Our American Cousin" the play was named,
 This wonderful play was widely famed;
 But Tad, with his tutor went to see,
 What "The Wonderful Lamp Of Aladdin" might be.
 Lincoln was happier than he had been before
 For many years, for the war was o'er.
 He had suffered as though he was brother to all,
 Since they heard the first drum and the first bugle call.

Lincoln quietly sat and enjoyed the play,
He often rested just that way.
A sharp shot rang while all was still;
With horror each heart in the house did fill.
Lincoln swayed—for the bullet went
Straight to the one for whom it was meant,
And "with malice toward none—with charity for all,"
The ruler they loved, a martyr did fall.

A messenger came to the tutor of Tad;
With a look of surprise, he turned to the lad,
"Your father is ill, 'tis better that we
Go home—for there you had better be."
When they had retired, the announcement came;
The news was received by all the same;
The terrible news spread fast that night,
Their ruler was shot—their beacon light.

No one knew how the story spread,
Over the country it speedily fled,
While the whole of the city where all was so bright,
Suddenly changed to sorrow that night.
Tad, reaching home, found the one who had been
The bodyguard to his father, and then
He threw himself in the man's embrace,
And bursting in tears he buried his face.

"Oh, Tom Pen, Tom Pen," and he wouldn't be stilled,
"They've killed my papa day—my papa day they've killed."
Like a father he tenderly carried the lad
Up to his room—with a heart that was sad;

He took off his shoes while together they wept,
 And bathed his face while the little boy kept
 Close in his arms—he would sob and say,
 As he held him close—"My papa day."

The heavens wept the following day,
 The bands the solemn march did play,
 And doleful dirges tolled the bells,
 And sounded forth their funeral knells.
 Four days the President lay in state;
 He had passed from them thru the Heavenly Gate.
 Then to Springfield they took him and laid him to rest,
 God gave us this ruler—by his life we were blessed.

Note—Tad always called his father "papa day."

